

Ordinary

“Mum! I am home!” I called out to make her aware of my arrival. I rushed in. “Hi sweetie! How was your friend? Not too scared I hope!” mum called out in a clutter of dishes. “No, she wasn’t afraid of the hair salon anymore thank goodness! Turns it she was afraid because a woman there had a bone to pick with her but miraculously today she left. Mmm! My, that smells good! What’s cooking now?” I asked, licking my lips. After convincing my friend, Fiona, to not be scared of the woman (Fiona has cute brown pigtails with shiny puppy like eyes which makes her admirable and adorable) I was starving. “It’s chicken popcorn dear, your favourite! I would order pizza along too, but for *some* reason I didn’t do that, though I craved for a pizza stuffed in *cheese*,” mum was glaring at me smiling. I laughed. I loved my mum. “You know I can’t eat cheese-I have cheese phobia, though half of my class don’t believe there is anything called cheese phobia. Not only that, but they believed Courtney when she said she

had belly button phobia (Courtney has short hair with this grey like suit and she is such a goody two shoes that the teacher is sick of her. Not only that, but she is always threatening the teacher and her enemies of the lawyers she has!) and Gwen with the weird balloon phobia! Did she make that up?"

"Who, Gwen that weird goth girl? Ugh, she is soo gloomy and is so happy when she is gloomy. That's a bit of a tongue-twister to say! Her hair is this weird dark green dark blue colour with black! She creeps me out!" I sighed. Sure Gwen is a little weird, but enough people already said that to her! Hastily, I tried to change the subject. "Mum, can I have noodles too? You know I love noodles!" Phew! Close one! As I sat down, waiting for my noodles, I opened my phone. Lashana and a few others texted me. Girl, you do not believe what just happened! I just got a cat! She is soo cute, she reminds me of myself! Jk! CYA at the Party!

I sighed. Seems like everyone is having more fun than me. I hastily texted back under the desk. Girl, stop boasting! Any cat that looked like you must need surgery, literally! What party? Party? What party? And why wasn't I invited? Huh, new message. Looked like it was from...Kyle? What was that brat doing texting me? If you didn't know already, Kyle is the mega worst girl ever at my school. She has

short brown innocent hair, with the cutest brown innocent eyes, and the reddest, precious innocent lips and has this amazing cute innocent blush. She is anything *but* innocent. She flings her hair at you while your talking to her and she gets bored. Those eyes are always looking for weak kids to pick on and strong allies to have. They are sharp evil eyes. That blush covers her spotless face, the same face she uses to hiss and push and bully people with. Those lips of hers are full of trash. She spits on people sometimes too! She says the meanest things with those lips. She also uses her lips for lisping. Why would an awful girl like her to do lisping? For the grownups. She has them all under her *innocent* spell. She could put on an act as easy as winking, her fake crying beating people's real. "I wouldn't dare take her pen in a test! I want everyone to have perfect scores. Why do you always pick on me?

Stop wasting the poor tired teacher's time. She has things to do without your lying that I called you a teddy spitting bug!

sob I never ever *sob* posted anything about *sob* your cat! I am very much *sob* jealous of her, why would I *sob* do such a thing?" She what I mean? And the poor kid who was late to school because she poked a needle through his car got the detention instead of her. What's the point telling your

parents that she threw you in the water if she will always get her way? She is very sly and sneaky I must admit, though I don't like that! Dear lily, please accept my apology for torturing you all these years. Let me make it up to you. You're the person I picked on the most. How about a small little party at my place for your honour? Love you babe! Kyle. That was the last thing I read before I choked on my food. I miraculously got it out. Kyle, asking me? For a party? At her place? For me? In 5 hours? Wait- 5 hours,- I have to wear something! Sure Kyle is a brat. A super brat. And that apology was fake. But that's a party at her house we are talking about and she sure is rich! Her house has a massive garden with a pool and a slide and swings and everything, and still is enough room for a whooping party! She also has 10 lollipops as big as trees and is making *more*. She has 100 outfits for each week! Good ones, designer ones, expensive ones. Not the cocky ones I have. Wait-I have cocky outfits. What am I going to wear tonight? I rushed upstairs, not missing a beat. "Piggy bank, don't fail me now!" I muttered hysterically and desperately. 4 pounds. Hmm, was that enough to amaze anyone? Maybe amaze a dummy doll. No time, perhaps they made a very cheap deal off. I ran out of the house to see for myself. Surprisingly, I saw my best friend ever Lily. Lily has short gold like

hair that shines brightly, golden like eyes, a cute tiara to match her outfit and dark red lips that suit her. Like a queen! Me? I have longish brown hair to my shoulders, with emerald eyes, long face and red lips that are very tight. Which doesn't match me at all, I look like a cartoon kid! Not a good cool look. I waved at her. Then, the most astonishing thing happened. She didn't wave back, didn't smile, instead looked embarrassed and desperate and ran off. I just stood there stunned, with my mouth open. A little girl saw my four pounds, my shocked face, my untidy hair and said "Are you okay? Do you like my dress? It's pretty! Mummy got it for my birthday! Isn't it sweet? I am Sophia!"

"Dress! I need to get a dress! Bye Sophia, nice meeting you!" I gabbled and ran to the nearest shop that didn't look like a boy's store. Then, I saw a beautiful creamy top with a cute indigo skirt and matching pink sparkly shoes with a pink fluffy headband. Then I looked at the price and looked away wincing. It was too much to bear, let alone pay for. I looked at the woman in charge of the store. She had short hair, freckles and a cute blush. "I see you really want this," she started. I nodded my head, turning back to the beautiful outfit. "I will give this to you for free if you really want..." tears brimmed my eyes and my ears popped. How lovely was she? "Thank you

thank you thank you!" I repeated, stroking the war, fabric that's soon to be *mine*. How jealous will they be? More then ever jealous! "But-one thing, a sort of catch!" I nodded. Whatever it was, it would be worth going around smugly to the party while everyone stares, jaws dropped. "We are short on staff. Could you work here? We can't pay you till you've payed of the price of the dress. Then we will pay. Is it okay? You will wake up early 7 o'clock you be here. Don't worry, I know you have school. This is for the weekend. Till you've fed up with school and came here. McKay?" It was my jaws who fell at that moment. No way! But the dress....it looks soo.....what if I quit after the party? Probably get arrested though. Or worse, *grounded*. Mum is pretty crafty when punishment is involved. "I agree!" It slipped out of my mouth. Oh great! Now I had no choice! She smiled. "Good choice! Now, get to work after the party!" I was stunned. "How did you...I mean...party...you guessed...who..wa...what?" I stammered. She winked. "I know theres a party! How couldn't I? Especially when this messy haired, cute face, sparkly dress girl came in, not leaving till she had what she wanted." I sighed. She must be talking about dramatic Katy. Then I looked at my watch. "Got to run!" Agh, I have an hour left! Who can help me with my hair? I hastily checked my messages. Could I ask her? No,

she will make me look like a glittery man with a glittery dress with makeup. Ooh! I could ask Sarah! Sarah has beautiful hair and everyone knows that she makes it herself. How does she do that? With her cute unicorn hairband! She is such a cutie and looks heaps younger than us. I'd always envy her...but what if she could help me? I texted her right away, I didn't have a choice even if I didn't want her. Instantly a reply came. Yes! I ran to her home. "Hi there Rose! Nice to see you! Come, to my basement!"

"Really? You're going to help my hair in the basement?"

"Less mess. I've made it nice, no need to worry," there was no need to worry after all! The carpet was silky black, walls were creamy and red posters with red professional hair salon desk and a comfy luxury milky white armchair which I happily plumed myself into.

"The fun part!" She said as she took out stripy scissors. Suddenly, I felt as this wasn't the best idea. I held my breath anxiously as she went spray spray spray, snip snip snip, brush brush brush. At last she removed her swear and handed me a chocolate-like mirror. I had short hair to a little longer passed my shoulders, and it was blonde and smooth and I loved my bangs. I hugged her and paid her kindness by drawing her. Flattery always works with Sarah. I ran out. I ran home and

squished to my new outfit. Nice! Perfect fit! The work will be worth it! Now for makeup. I just held my Eyeliner when I realised, I didn't know what I was doing. What if I look like a rusty wet dress with sparkly hair? Eww! Sophia was my help. Not the random little girl Sophia. No, big girl Sophia that I knew and had a way with makeup. And, fortunately for me, likes putting makeup on people, so it was no surprise when she was at my door in less than 5 minutes after I texted her. She had excited eyes, brown bangs, short hair, pink wooly jumper every season, and a pink mini skirt. But she is gorgeous with her makeup. Somehow, the white eyeshadow, pink lipstick and other chemicals she put on my face looked like half a bear's foot. I thanked her and did her homework, then as soon as she left wiped it off furiously. Okay, that was a bust. I can ask rosey! Sure Rosey wears thick heavy red everything any season, she is good with makeup, and that's all that matters. But when she did her fairy princess specially, it was really her makes lily look like a misplaced silky smelly noisy sad sight specialty. I did my fair share of reading to her, then called Mia. Mia has a Bob, furious face, small pout and a double chin and not at all good at makeup, but what choice do I have? Surprisingly, her make lily look like a fluffy vomited on dove special , it made me look like an electric cute girl. I fed

her all my banana and a bonus toilet pass from school, then she left and I smiled at the mirror. How cute I looked! I raided my shoes and my mum's for anything chic and cool, but they all were old and ugly and brown. I am sure shoe-loving Chloe will lend me one, well, if I promise to back her up when she is late for school picking which shoes, she is feeling, long and pointy or cold and worthy. I called her, and after a few (okay a lot) of persuading and promising to let her win in the race, she agreed and gave me a black one that was incredibly cool! I was soo excited I realised I was 30 minutes *late*. At least it was better than being early. Mum came up and saw me About to leave and asked the question I feared the most. "Did you do your homework that Mr BlueBeard sent you?" I sighed. Mr Bluebeard is kind enough, except he can be *very* strict. Mr Bluebeard is a nickname we have for him because 1. He has a blue beard, 2. He never said what his name really was too us. "Yes mum, I uh, wrote a story for him!" "I thought you said he was a drama teacher?" "Script, story, dialogue, same thing! Now, I uhh, have to help Pinkie to do her homework, doing to hand her these notes!" I held up a post note that really was how to pursue mum to get a kitty. She was not falling for it though. She raised her eyebrow. "With that outfit?" She said suspiciously eyeballing me. I attempt

a fake smile. A pretty lousy one. "We're practising too. I am the queen of them all!"

"Aren't you doing Macbeth?"

"I am the queen in the tale mum!"

"You said you're the which."

"Mum! It's only for the rehearsal! Bye now!" I

said and ran off into the fresh air. I called Bobby to drive me. He is the only safest person that I trust to drive a Car, though he is a little embarrassing. No one will ever know we are cousins! I waited impatiently for Bobby to park at my place, then I hoped on, sending him the location on WhatsApp. We drove, and I am sure Bobby faked his driving license. His reputation for being the safest zoomed before my very eyes as we whizzed passed the speed limit. My legs were like jelly, and I thanked him wearily. "Sorry for being a bit fast, just that you said you was an hour late,"

"That *normal* for a girl to be an hour late for her party! Now shoo! Bye Bob!" Then I walked inside, with no hesitation except the murderous hesitation inside me that is strangle my neck and made me unable to breath. When I went in, the music stopped. Eyes headed my direction. I sweated visibly. Then after a few gasps seemed like an eternity the music went back on and I was forgotten. Phew! Hey, there is Rebecca! She died her hair brown, made it below her shoulders to her waist, with a pretty flower, covered with

necklaces and a pretty pink puffy dress. She was talking to this indigo haired girl that wore exactly like her and had the same hair, different colour. And to a boy with gold hair I have seen before. Of course! It is Rebecca's brother! I walked over to them. She saw me walking over and ran off to talk the purple haired girl on the other side. I tried not to look betrayed and pretend I really was heading to this bright yellow haired girl. There was a massive stage. Kyle was on it, smiling a grinning. "Welcome to the party of the century!" She echoed and everyone cheered. She stopped dramatically. Typical Kyle. "We today are honouring the girl with the best outfit-Rose!" Everyone turned to me. I smiled. Kyle gestured me to go on stage, and I accepted, excitedly. "Wow! Cool outfit! So-rumours said you wanted to be class queen?" Class queen is the best role ever! Your In charge, teachers adore you, you get let of on getting a detention, extra break, 1st periods on Monday you can instead wear an awesome outfit and practise cat walking in front of the staff, 2nd period on Tuesday you can do whatever you want, 3rd period on Wednesdays you can spy on classes to say who the trouble makers were, 4th period on Thursdays you can change to whatever outfit you like and Fridays last period you can have burgers and cake and biscuits! You can also wear anything you want,

as long as it is the same colour everyday for a week. So yeah, I want to be it and I signed up! I nodded eagerly. She smiled in a sly sort of way I didn't feel comfortable in. She suddenly changed her tone into an icy one, hissing at me, "Only I can be Class queen." Suddenly, it was all wrong, everyone took out their phones and smiling. Not a friendly smile, an evil one. A goth girl was standing at the end of the stage. She had dark purple hair, black eerie sly smiling lips, with long black eyelashes. She was my worst nightmare. There was a black button that she slammed hard, cracking with laughter. I was confused. Nothing happened. I didn't realise what was next. A slop of *mud* came from the ceiling. That's when I realised, I had been tricked. The mud oozed onto my hair that had been so carefully brushed! My dress was an ugly slop of brown. My makeup -ruined! I felt so helpless I screamed, mud came into my mouth and I frantically tried to spit it out. The laughing was deafening! Why had I trusted that brat! I knew I smelt a fish as she got me on stage. But this little voice of kindness I listened to told me I can trust her. That's the last time I am being fooled! The mud eventually stopped, and I was on the stage, filthy. "Hashtag copy-pig!" Called a sapphire haired girl, vibrating with laughter. Get it? Copy cat? Copy pig? Cause I play in the mud like a pig? It was not funny. At all. But

everyone else laughed their heads off. I wish that really happened. But it didn't. Then a girl with light emerald hair walked on stage, with a look of sympathy on her face. "Guys, copy pig isn't nice. I have an idea!" Then, she pressed a button on the remote. She was my saviour. I was great full for her kindness. *Or so I thought.* Suddenly, a wave of yellow goo flashed before me. Eww, it was mustard! How on earth did Kyle put all this things up her ceiling? All for me? For trying to be class queen? And I was dumb enough to believe it! I smelt bad. Mud and mustard, the wrong mixture. I felt tears. My throat was sore. Danger alert. Before it was too late, I realised tears came down. Everyone howled with laughter. I was dripping with mud and mustard. I screamed. "What a sandwich!" Called someone from the crowd. Another goth girl appeared and I knew it was going to get worse. Much worse. She had ebony hair, ebony lips, ebony eyelashes and ebony eyeshadows. She also had ebony blush. And an ebony expression. An ebony evil duty. One that will ruin me even more! "Say cheese!" She demanded on stage. I stayed silence. "Well, I will say it for you zip-mouth sandwich! Cheese!" And as she said it, cheese fell on me. I hate cheese! I vomit at the sight of it because of my cheese phobia. I let out a large vomit onto the crowd, and everyone shrieked. Then, red goop fell down. I felt stuck in my place

with mud, mustard, cheese and now ketchup?! I tried to run, but I was help down. "Sweet!" Chanted a girl with emerald hair, red lips, pink blush and freckles. Soon, everyone was chanting that. They chanted and chanted, and I wanted to cry *again*. A girl with fire red hair, fire red lips and red blush yelled with an extraordinary loud voice, "ok alright! Chocolate is sweet, isn't it?" Then, right on cue, chocolate fell down. Gross! Well, enough was enough! I sloped passed ever so slowly because of the obstacles. Then I had to run passed the crowed, to the door. The laughter echoed. I ran home, tears dripping. I ran home, and immediately went to the shower. I threw my perfect, now ruined, dress that I had to work for! Oh no! What a waist! I kicked of the shoes. I rubbed my face and went in the hot steamy shower. All the waste got of me, and that was a relief. I cried, but luckily it was hidden by the shower. Once I've finished, I turned it off and put on my black comfy PJS and my fluffy black slippers. I sat on my bed. I didn't want to think about it. Instead, I put on some relaxing music and soon fell asleep. It was the morning, and thank goodness, Saturday! I prepared a locked in weekend. My mum came up and gave me breakfast in bed. Yum, chicken sandwich and noodles! "Mum?" I asked nervously. I wanted to tell her. She would help. She always does. "Yes dear?"

“Can I tell something?” And I burst into tears. Mum was shocked and sat my bed while I explained everything. “That girl! Hang on, where you not meant to give a note to someone? Ahh, you could have told me. But your punished enough. That girl though! Want me to deal with her?”

“No!”

“Oh you kids, I suppose you have a point though. Though she is such a *darling!*”

“Mum!”

“Oh alright!”

I sighed, and flopped it to my bed, staring at the ceiling. What a nightmare! I could never go back to school again! “No excuse for not going to school though,”

“What?! In my time of need you send me to that place!? No way! I would rather steal mud and splash it on me then do that!”

“You already did that!”

“Oh god please mum don’t remind me. I can’t go back. Take pity on me! I am your favourite daughter!”

“You’re the only one...”

“See! I must be then! Can I leave?”

Mum sighed.

“Go see the town then. Buy your favourite rap. Here, 30 pounds. Bring me something, I know a rap is 15 pounds. Now, when you’ve finished, we will discuss the school situation, agreed? Good, now shoo!”

“Oh thank you thank you thank you!” I gushed, nearly snatching the 30 pounds out of her hands and marching out of the house. When I got to the busy town though, I wished I had stayed at home. I deeply regretted it. So many people were staring, pointing, whispering about me. I was confused, so I kept my head held high. I knew however things were bad when I went to the most crowded place of the town and the *police* looked at me. This is when you know things are bad. I walked into the food market Stretchy ‘n’ soft and a whole wave of laughter erupted. Me? Why me? I know that many people weren’t there. In fact, they were all kids! These were adults, young adults, teens, little kids, kids my age, babies and more! All laughing at me. I decided finally when the usually frowns man running this place laughed when I handed him a rap, I wanted that I realised I didn’t want a rap anymore. I didn’t feel like walking home either, before I crack this mystery. I opened my phone to call mum. To my shock and horror on the trending page was *me*! Me, but in mud, cheese, mustard ketchup and chocolate! Me, pink faced, running away like a dummy! I was trending and it hadn’t been a day! Not even half! I understood all these people now. Those rotten kids that where there were filming me! I ran home, not bothering with the rap. I slammed the door and hid in my room. My

mum called out, but I was too busy sobbing to reply. This was terrible! I tried to face my fears by opening my laptop, then I shut it again. Mum burst in, shocked. "Didn't go well I guess?"

"Not at all!" I sighed and laid on my bed.

"I know what'll make you as right as Doughnuts, croissants! I'll get some now," she added, going downstairs. I doubt the largest biscuit in the world can save me now. My phone was ringing non stop with notifications that people texted me but I turned it off silent.

I coaxed myself to sleep. Everything will be better as soon as I get my hand on that girl! Maybe I'll have to wait a while. I opened an eye. There was this annoying sound. Oh no, it was my alarm, I am late for my job! Oh great! I slumped on a pale shirt and pink trousers, rapped my hair to a ponytail and walked to work. Oh great! I can't give back the dress, it was ruined. No matter how much times my mum tried to clean it, the gooeyness clutched on. "Hi," I mumbled as I walked in. The woman looked me up and down. "Right! That's no way to walk to work. Definitely not mine!" She snarled. I winced at the iciness at her voice. She had her hair red now, and longer, which was a surprise to me, as she had short hair in the beginning. She had red lips and red blush with a red dress. She seemed to be going all red mode. "What a look! And you want the

people to see you like *this*!/? No no no! Ugh! Do I have to do everything around here? You must be joking! Oh okay then, come on. Hurry up, I haven't got all day!" She dragged me to a room that says employees only. I hoped it would be interesting and cool, cause staff was only allowed here so they *must* have had secretive stuff. I was pretty disappointed in the outcome though, as it was a plain room, nothing else except a sofa and fridge, but I did cheer up a bit when I found out the food was in the fridge. Unhealthy food! I sat on the sofa. The woman was pretty frantic. She was looking everywhere. "I am Madame Watime!" She introduced, still on the search. She gave up and looked at me accusingly as if I made the thing, she was looking for disappear! Honestly! Sighing, she went out of the staff room, and after an eternity came back in with a purple dress. "Put this on," she said impatiently. I went behind the couch, squatted and put it on. Indeed a challenge. But I succeeded and I triumphantly stood up. "Now, here. Colour your hair purple. Come on, don't gawp at the can and do as I say!" I obeyed sprayed it on, thrilled to peaces. I've always wanted purple hair! How cute! But unfortunately, something blocked me from being dazzling. I had clear black circles under my eyes no amount of foundation can hide. "Oh well, you can't always be as perfect as me. Now, it's makeup

time. Oh no, the real time has no time for make up time! No matter, come on, be an assistant!" We got out. She put an open time, and we waited, for *ages*. She got soo tired, she even called someone, which she said was not allowed. "Oh hey Katey!"

"Hi Harriet!" She blushed at her name, and went to the staff room, hissing at me to take over. It was fine by me, no one was here so I could do whatever I liked! However, as soon as she left, a purple haired girl came in. I liked her hair. It was all beady and nice. She was American and spoke with a strong American accent. "Hi. Where can I find red dressers for weddings?" I looked at her blankly. Was I supposed to know? Properly Harriet doesn't want to be disturbed with her loud voiced friend. "I-uh-think red really isn't your colour?" I said nervously. Oh no! "Umm, really? Mum said I was a very red like girl," I needed to help her, but what can I do?

"I can-uh-give you a makeover?" What? When do I ever do that? I was so desperate, yet that was no excuse to blurt to my customer this! I must never be a business woman. She was taken back. "Do you do that in this place? Um, okay! Why not? Here, is 20 pounds good?" I nodded, taking the money, not trusting my backstabbing mouth to be open. I came to her. She was surprised of my height and age but didn't say anything. I found a spray saying

“navy” and decided to try it on her. I carefully tried my best. It didn’t look right though. Not the colour itself, but on her what it looked like. I gushed at how “beautiful” she was and how it “showed her eyes”. She was uncertain but nodded all the same. I rubbed some “tan remover” that makes you look really light, but I put to much and she was *paper white*! Agh! I mumbled some nonsense on how she looks like the sun and things, and she beamed. If only she knew what she looked like. I am soo glad the mirror was in the drawer. I decided to put some blush on her to look normal. I picked red, and put some on her nose, but as it was very light, it showed to much, as if she had a bad cold. I decided not to do anymore, but she rubbed her nose and it smudged all around her. This was a disaster! What could be any worse? Oh yes, Harriet coming in from her call at that exact moment. She looked at the girl, then at me, then at the girl again in silence. The girl excused herself and left and I looked at my death. Oh no. I was pushed to the staff room and yelled at. I secretly hoped she would give me the boot so I would never do this again, but instead she forced me to work extra hard as a *cleaner*. Oh great! I cleaned and sweeper my back sore. A girl with white hair, and a face with lots of warts, pimples and spots came in, demanding a dress that makes her look amazing. I felt sad for the girl, as she

looked hideous. Harriet went to find a dress, and I told the girl I would give her a makeover. She was pleased. Properly teased at school, poor thing. I couldn't find hair sprays. I went up a ladder to get a white box that was full of sprays. When I got down, the stairs fell on her though! It was a bang! The loudest and I was most frightened. She had bruises everywhere. I called Harriet, and as soon as the ambulance left, I was left out more. I was relieved the girl went though. She was looking at me suspiciously, as if she knew me. It was creepy. I had to work harder, with no breaks, and I was exhausted! A girl with dark pink hair came in. I nodded at Harriet who stared at me. I know what she was saying, stay away from the girl. But the girl didn't stay away from me. She took a look at me and laughed her head off. "Oh look, the girl from the video! Ha ha!" She laughed and laughed and I was furious. How rude! I blushed violently. I grabbed the nearest yellow spray and sprayed her hair yellow. I sprayed her eyebrows, lips and blush all yellow. She screeched and ran out. I didn't care. She was terrible. To my greatest surprise, Harriet didn't say anything, and waited for the next customer. There was none. I went home sadly. Tomorrow was going to be worse. Tomorrow was school. Oh help. Help help help. I decided I didn't care and to prove it, went on my phone the second I came home.

Sarah texted me. Oh help. Sarah is for real creepy. One eye, lost! Other eye? Has the thickest and black eyebrows! Diagonally from her face? Burnt. Her hair? Dark black. The inside? Reputation for having all sorts of secret things she sells at her place with her 2 copy cats, Emma and Dee Dee. You can come to me at break. Before school even. I half a memory wipe for you. Wipe memory's of everyone with only 60 pounds. Hi, uh, don't worry I don't have enough muns. Thanks for offer tho. I sighed who else texted me? Wanda. Wanda loves purple. Purple lips, purple hair, purple life! Hi there. You seem depressed, which is weird. My sandwich can give you therapy, haha! Thanks, that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said. It was true to. All the other comments were nasty. I just ignored the rest. Ugh, didn't I have enough to worry about? Did I need to be reminded I had homework? I was trying to go, no kittens all year, and I had to stick with it. Kittens is this thing where you make kitties (teachers) angry and they give you a scratch of their mind. The real purpose is really that the teachers like referring themselves to kittens, cute and cuddly, and like writing in your kitty pleaser book – kitty so-and-so is sad because so-and-so did so-and-so. They didn't actually write so-and-so of course. I didn't want any single kitty is sad thing. So I checked my homework check list.

History wrote my history teacher. My teacher has a very red face with red hair. As if she teaches the people she speaks about in history. Okay, first question- What king of England died in 1066? I wrote down next to it King Edward the confessor died, but not of humiliation. Next one – why was his death problematic? To be honest, no one had any problems except the fact 4 angry men wanted the crown. They could have played Rock Paper Scissors for it. Old people are very dumb and loved blood. He didn't have an heir, Plus, his death didn't make people laugh as they probably won't write on his grave "strange sandwich girl" they will probably do that too me. Who was the 3 candidates of the thrown? The 3 dumbest people. I mean, come on, it's just a crown. You can be crowned king but if no one listens to you there's no point in being crowned. Plus, give the people a chance to vote. See who they want! But no, you want to do what you want to do. Who are the people? Who cares, as long as their *mine*. Harold Hardrada, Harold Godwinson and William duke of Normandy that were drenched probably in mud and no one laughed and pointed. Harold Hardrada strengths. He had strengths? Like what? His taste of fashion was appalling, he couldn't afford a phone and acts like a baby who wants a crown toy. I don't know how he'll react once he knows we here in the 21 century

sell plastic crowns. He was a good warrior and won loads of useless battles and didn't embarrass himself except when he died and he didn't witness the torture. Maybe not affording a phone might be a smart move as he can't see what people will say about his death. Things probably like – Omg, did you see that king? #First king dead! Harold Hardrada weaknesses I can say loads. I picked the 3 most boring ones as the teacher loves tedious. In fact, the duller her husband is, the happier she is! Very unpopular, no one liked him and he didn't cover himself chocolate in front of a stage, so I have no clue how he really was unpopular. Ugh, how bored was I. This topic was the worst! It reminds me soo much of my humiliation and I have no idea how! Harold Godwinson strength. I guess he comes from a good family and supported by many. Probably because he didn't be showered in ketchup to the supported ones. Harold godwinson weakness had a mother who couldn't find an original name, he wasn't even related to the king. William strengths very successful, didn't humiliate himself and nearly be fired by a job he barely wanted to sign up for William weaknesses very ordinary background, teased by his enemies about this. Maybe Im like King William, ORDINARY BACKGROUND AND BEING TEASED FOR BEING AN IMBECILE! How boring! I was dying of Boredom. How can I so simply

do my history homework when a crisis like this happened!? Will my teacher understand? Not a chance. Who cares really if Stamford bridge was in 1066 or that it was between 2 Harolds not because their name is similar but because they want a crown or Harold Godwinson one and the other ones dead? For all I care William can do an invasion on that very day then in 3 days! I mean, seriously, why is history a topic?! Who wants to hear about if Godwinson was north and William was south? Why can't we learn about beautiful, or maybe for me terrible, modern, where angry men who wants really quick wars and doesn't let there army rest aren't here? I mean, what can we learn from the fact that house carls have battle Axes? Should we start teaming up with any old person called Harold who wants a war, have good weapons and depend on discipline for a job? I want to be...I am not really sure, but I am definitely sure I don't want to be a Fyrd, to be a peasant where for war I go unarmed except the things I can see in front of me and I hope next war I'll be those rare farmers who get axes! No one I know are chocking to be a cavalry, even horse-riding lovers would rather clean war-horse's things then go to war! I hardly think there's even a university or college that teaches how to be arches to fight in wars! See what I mean? Pointless, useless, and worthless. I gave up and went to my next

due in homework. French said my kid-like teacher. How is she kid-like? She has light pink hair, this headband with 2 hearts, red cute lips and shiny teeth. She dresses up in dresses too. How can she be french? No clue! Maybe she's not, maybe she is making it up. If she is, that would be understandable but what will not be understandable is the facts she makes these noises like as if your being squished by a giant bear. Comment t'appelles-tu? What is your name? like anyone even cares. *J'mappelle...* I am lily, though after dire humiliation I want to change my name. Bored to death by these weird sounds, I went to my last homework. Science the math teacher wrote. No, of course not. I meant the science. There is a difference. The math teacher has blue hair and 2 ponytails coming out of her long loose hair. The science teacher has blue hair, but keeps her hair down, despite she saying we must keep our hair up. Teachers think their own rules are silly! Her handwriting as you can tell are big and bold and chunky. Not a thing like her. She can't say boo to a goose, I wonder how she became a teacher, let alone a *science* teacher with all these rules and dangers. Please write the following subtitle, becoming specialised, topic cells. Young cells all start out the same-they are all called stem cells. They can grow and change their shape to become specialised. Each specialised cell has different

features which allows it to different functions. Process is called differentiation. That would've been a very good answer if my hands didn't ache to write this. The stem cells aren't evil, unlike humans. They don't bully others, or prank them, and they certainly don't trust evil ones by a simple text. What affects the metabolic rate? Age, you don't need to run away from embarrassment and help your digestive system if your young. Gender, boys probably don't have as much drama as girls and save their running for running club or whatever. Girls are a lot fitter as they run more. Inherited factors oh so if your mum has ran from loads of occasions then you will to. Probably dads don't run home from work because of these person who they bullied. Weight because if your covered with gloopy weight that will slow you down. I gave my homework up in frustration, throwing it to the other side of the room. I don't want to sleep though, because before I know it it will be Monday, moody, miserable, mad Monday. I felt like crying. What a nightmare. All the time I will walk down the hall, people will think of me from the video and laugh at this weird girl who's got the guts to show up when she's embarrassed. Which is fake, I haven't got the guts. I haven't got any guts left at all. Not even dignity. That thing? Last shred of it at work. I felt hopeless. I stared at the ceiling for

hours till eventually my eyelids reluctantly grew weight and I fell asleep. Nightmares haunted my dream, but I know the real nightmare was soon to come. I woke up 4 and couldn't sleep again. I went on my laptop and searched the web for ways to meet your school after humiliation. First website, French diamonds. Think about other people in the world who embarrassed more than you. I can't cause everyone's interested in MY embarrassment not someone in the north poles! Hmm, start a fire, not too bad. But where was I to find some substance highly flammable and catch on fire easily? Burn the school down? Not bad, but I can't find oxidising substance lying about at 4 am now, can I? Poising my school is a temptation, but no one eats anything but the desserts and I can't bear terribleness until after lunch! Plus, sneaking in to the kitchen is too risky. Especially when Mary is in charge. Mary has fiery red hair, and a fiery red love for cooking. She is soo gloomy when she is not backing. And is mad when anyone adds a pinch of salt to something she doesn't want to have a pinch of salt in. Harmful substance, doesn't kill anyone, but doesn't leave them not wanting to die because of the pain? Then I can't be held for murder in the caught! Though, people might still be alive to torture me. Corrosives can do a lot for me by just burning Kyle altogether. But will

everyone miss the queen? Every time they think of her, they'll think of her victim, me, and the prank and comes to let me know it. I can explode the school, but I don't have enough in my pockets for dynamites. I might torture Kyle back! Yes, I can sneak a few irritations from the science lab and boom, Kyle's skin is red and she has blisters everywhere! Also, she will cough non-stop and her eyes of innocents will sting and run. Or I can flush her down the drain. Though she could be pollutant. Am I taking a science lesson here? I walked downstairs. I then had a brilliant idea! This boy who is in the year above me, Adrien, has blue hair and has a temper like a storm, but he created fake vomit which made him Miss exams! It worked like a charm. Want to know how to do it? First, take a beaker. It holds liquids or solids, right? And it has measurements. And they come in sizes. But they can be filled up with tangerines and squished in the beaker. Pour it into a conical flask and heat it up. Now, pour it into a measuring cylinder, and if it is 100 ml, then keep it. Split it into 5 test tubes, and pour orange juice in each, and shake it hard. Put them in the oven for 15 minutes. Use the test tube holder to pull them out and pour hot water on them. Take a pipette and put all the solutions one by one into a funnel with funnel paper into one boiling tube. The extracts, take

a spatula and put it into a separate tube. Boil the extras. Use the Bunsen burner. Until it is 100 degrees, you keep it in. Don't forget the tripod and gauze. Now, put them together and put it in the fridge. It should be a solid, no more than 786 grams, using an Electric balance. Now, squish it and tada! Only one teeny tiny thing, I didn't have any of that! Who in their right minds should have those things? And who would light a Bunsen burner at 4am? Adrien's friend, Julia, who has pink hair and super shy and not a thing like Adrien and always wears delicate pretty dresses, has a dad who is a scientist and she happily gave it to him. Ah, the beauty of friends! Where is my friend, Lily? Could she help? Eva has a scientist dad, but I would rather spit out seeds than ask her. She is crazy, and painted herself green, made a mask and an outfit green for her and has green hair to be environment hero or whatever. She's crazy! Belinda, who has fair hair, a spotty mask, pretty stripy dress with a vibrant Neon coat and vibrant neon pants has a scientist mum, but she thinks of me as a cup, and after what happened a smashed cup. Then I remembered, I did have a Bunsen burner, but it wasn't mine. Niki, who has long hair, purple eyeshadow, pinkish purplish deep lipstick, sunglasses, red fancy outfit with a pale pink skirt came in with a Bunsen burner and she said she would be away and I was to keep this

safe, and left before I could say anything, and I can't use it. But where was she in my time of need? She plonked me with it, I deserve to use it at least once. I took it out of the storage, and it had a barrel, collar, air in, air hole, gas jet, base and gas in, only missing the flames. I couldn't do it though, so I put it back. Time was slowly but surely crawling in, and I didn't know what I can do. Sure enough, it was Monday. I've never hated a Monday as much as this. Mum had a headache, and I was grinning. Surely that means I can't go! Who will drop me off? Dad's always at work. Mum looked at me, and took the phone, and texted someone. Who can it be? It was Kiki's mum. To do what? To drop me off. Kiki knocked on the door and I reluctantly opened it. Kiki's pink hair glistened as she grinned. Her long eyelashes blinked at me and she smiled with her perfect lips. "Hello sandwich! Perhaps this time, you can get a bread?" She laughed as her uniform shook. I groaned and turned my back on her. But then her mum came, and she can say no more. Her mum is a sad little thing with a pink Bob, that's newly cut and terrible too. She was wearing a kiddie thing with a red denim jacket. She was wearing tights, and was very anxious, which was nothing new. "Come on now kids, you'll be late for school!" I unwillingly hopped into the car, with Kiki behind. We drove off at lightning speed to

school, yet we weren't early or unfortunately late. We were perfect timing, but for me the worst time ever. I tried to hide, and I went in. No one noticed me at first, they were too busy looking at their phones and laughing their heads off at me. Then, stupid Kiki yelled out, "sandwich arrived!" All faces turned to me. Eek! Then, there was an uproar of laughter and pointing. I ran to the bathroom, but even there, when I locked the door people were waiting, laughing at me. I felt like hiding forever. I saw a newspaper on the floor. And who was on the front cover? Me, in goop. That spoiled little brat! Hot tears came into my eyes as I tried to fight them. Then I heard a chorus of "sandwich!" I stayed there. Not even when it was time to get out. Eventually a teacher knocked on the door so hard that everything shook and I opened the door before more damage was done. She dragged me to class where everyone was pointing and laughing. I sat in my seat next to Bug. That's not her real name, but everyone calls her that as she forced them to. She has vibrant blue hair, with a black suit with glow in the dark red stripes. Next to me was Catalina, with her brown sparkly hair and a line of orange, with kitten ears and long eyelashes extensions and so much purple eyeshadow and curtain bangs and a dotty dress with a red denim coat and pink lipstick. The teacher took one look at her, and sent her off, 5th time this

today. "Okay class, since you have a french test coming up, I thought why couldn't we practise a little french?" Everyone groaned as we already have french, 1st period too. Then I clasped my head. Oh no, the homework! I'd forgotten it! Lily usually bails me out, giving me the worksheet she always has spare. I turned behind me to look at lily but she was next to Adrien and handing her spare sheet to him. It wasn't the fact that she didn't give to me shocked me, as we had sworn a promise friends first before others, but the fact it was *Adrian!* Adrian has blue ugly hair with a red with black spot jacket, with a blue hideous t-shirt. I honestly couldn't believe it. Now it'll be all her fault if I get a kitty in my kitty book. "Okay everyone, repeat after me, "Bonjour! Comment ca va?" Did we really have to? Everyone repeated in this slow drone voice that the teachers like. I don't know why though. Don't ask me! "Class, I will answer your question and you will answer mine, okay?" Why do they ask okay? I mean, if we all said no, that's not okay, please can we do proper form time she would be like, oh my god, how immature these kids are! "Ca va bien merci! Et toi?" Ugh, how boring! Who really cares about french? We're not planning to leave for France any time soon with 2022 parents. "Ca va tres bien merci!" We said, because we all know if we had said Bof,

comme ci comme ça because this boring lesson is making us fatiguee, aka tired, she would try to allow the government to hit children again and give us all the cane. But I wasn't afraid of that. Instead of saying ca va tres bien, I muttered under my breath Ca va mal. But teachers are trained to be elves when they retired or something, so they have massive ears. Oh granny dear, since I am soo blind, I would like to know what big ears you have since I defiantly don't know what a wolf and a granny have in difference. And then the teacher who is disguising as a wolf would say (teachers are never young and always old) "all the better to here my pupils say ca va tres mal and make a big hairy deal out of it." "What did you say young lady?" Said the real teacher, coming over my desk.

"I said, ca ne va pas du tout, which means, not good at all," I replied simply, shrugging my shoulders. I mean, does my voice irritate her? Does my I kill all the children in the world? Does my we, you or they make any french people offended? Does my mistakes make all the arrogant writers fail to realise what's your name means? "Do you want to tell us why, dear small child? Do you want to add when's your birthday too? And all your personal business no one cares to remember as it's none of our business?" I hate when teachers act all sarcastic. Do you know what? I started

squirming uncomfortably. Why are teachers sooo sarcastic all the time? "Thought so," she concluded, her blue eyes turning away from me. They think they are the best, making rules we can't follow but they can! For example, we colour our hair and we are dead. But my teacher had brown hair with rainbow side highlights. So unfair! She had a purple denim coat on top of her stripy comfy T-shirt, while we can't. Apparently that's too "distracting" when we do it, but the teacher who everyone actually looks at is allowed to. As she was turning back to her seat, Didi ran back to her seat. She was playing on her computer while she humiliated me. Didi's black hair stormed passed, showing a tiny bit of hidden purple highlights. Didi has a spiky neck thingy goth girls think is cool, and brown eyes with dark lips. She was smirking, whispering to her friend Pinky (not her real name, which is Penelope. She is called that because of her pink hair in 2 small pigtails, her dark purple lips and her regular style of clothings. Pretty strange friends, but it works I guess.) And pinky sniggering back and telling her table. I had a feeling they weren't laughing at a joke, nor sam's dark pink her light purple lips and really pale skin that makes her blush as pink as candy floss. They were up to no good, to me, and I could tell. The teacher put on a video about the french colours we should

watch, and no one groaned, which surprised me, but also made me aware that it wasn't going to end well. The teacher put it on, and I gasped as it was the birthday party, where Kyle first went on stage! The teacher was bewildered. But instead of changing it, she asked, "what's this?" And no one said anything. Then, Penelope called out, "it's the trendiest video, please can we watch it?" I gasped, sure that the teacher will say no way! But then everyone started chanting to see it. The teacher said alright! I nearly fell off my chair. Why me? Why? Okay, I get it, I won't be class queen, but isn't this enough? Kyle, who's always late, came in, smiling at the teacher about a traffic jam. What a liar! Not only that, but she died her hair dark purple, put long eyelashes extensions, loads of blush and black lips. The teacher actually smiled!? She told her to sit down and thanked her for the amazing charity event she held. Charity event? Kyle? Yeah right! Kyle smiled, "didn't you like the sandwich t-shirt," she smirked looking my direction. Oh. No. She. Didn't! She took a look at the bored, then at Didi, and winked. So she knew! She had told Didi? Did she stoop that low? Then, suddenly, the bell rang and we didn't get to watch it! I danced all the way to french! I felt soo lucky! But I celebrated too soon. The french teacher said we will watch a video about birthdays in french, when may

screamed “mouse! It’s a mouse! Wait a minute, it’s fake! It has Rose’s name on it, how could you rose?” Called out May, her brownish goldish really short hair looking in my direction and her blue eyes under her glasses looked at me. My french teacher is a really old lady bit she isn’t a thing deaf. Her even shorter than May’s curly black hair with her glasses makes her look like a dear, but pranks in her class? She got up and went to me. Ah, now I see. To distract her. I’ve got to say, these kids won’t stop unless what they want gets delivered. Kit, a sneaky red haired half girl half kitten because of her appearance, snuck passed the chewing of teacher and played with the laptop. I looked at Lily for sympathy but Lily immediately started talking to the 2 fat twins, RoRo and BeBe. I looked back at the teacher, praying her spit doesn’t reach my face. No such luck. Then she left and went to her seat, to watch the video. And there was Kyle, calling me to go to the stage. I groaned through the whole video, and everyone burst out laughing (no one dared until Nino, who looks like a dog, laughed so hard) and even Mrs Chicksnake chuckled. I gave up on school, and instead of going to my next lesson, RE Hinduism, I decided to go home. I saw this janitor that was plump, blue looking and miserable open the door! Could I take such a risk? Or should I keep the pressure up for the whole day? So what I

was missing the teacher groan about the ind in Hinduism and that it started in India? I snuck behind him, and ran, heart beating. I can almost hear Mrs Towldress, who wears dresses that are awkward to school, the oldest major religion is the Hinduism. I can almost hear here calling my name, but I am distracted, as a big tree labelled Hindus reach out and grab me, telling me that Hinduism grew different branches all those years. Now it grabs me with both arms and yell, "WAKE UP!" and there I was, in the class, not really escaped, and the teacher writing on the board There are around 1.08 billion Hindus in the world today. This is 15% of the world's population making it the third largest religion in the world After she confirmed I woke up. "Write in your books, Brahma, the source of all creation. Brahma is magnificent! Utterly amazing! Brahma is..." did she drink too many cups of coffee? How much, a gallon? Finally, after years and years, I finally had break. I sat down, in the field, head in my hands. I wasn't crying, but I wasn't celebrating either. Suddenly, there was a tap in my shoulder. I turn around, and there were 2 eyes looking at me. There was a girl. She had dark red hair with pink stripes, a pretty blue purple coloured dress and a really comfortable looking trouser. "Hello, what's wrong?" Her voice was high and pretty, unlike mine who was creepy. Even Lily had a voice

like an advertiser. I looked away. I kept silent, thinking she will eventually get bored and find someone else. But she didn't. She stuck like glue. "Is it because of the video?" I said nothing again, only groaning softly in my legs. I curled up to a ball. "You know, it doesn't matter what everyone thinks. I know it wasn't your fault. And it wasn't even funny!" I gasped, looking at her right in the eye. She wasn't lying. I felt a warm feeling of comfort. "Thanks," I mumbled sheepishly as I didn't know what to say. I liked this girl. Who was she? "I am Ruby! And you I presume is Rose?" I nodded, uncurling my legs. She looked thoughtful for a moment. Then she grinned. "Are you a goodie goodie?" I shook my head so she doesn't think of me as a wimp. "Well, I haven't done anything bad *yet* but I defiantly am not a goodie goodie," I admitted, cautious that I only had precious minutes to talk to her. "Well, I know something that will cheer you up!" She grinned mischievously, rubbing her hands. "We will miss our next lessons!" I gasped. Did she mean it? I only dreamt this, never had I thought I'd actually do it! But was I a wimp like it showed? No! I will do it! It was thrilling! It was fun! "You in?" She eagerly asked, standing up and lending a hand. I looked at it. Should I? Could I? Would I? "Yes, I am in," and I took her hand as she helped me up. I looked at her. "Now what?" The bell rang,

and everyone routinely froze. But everyone was freezing as if gloop was stuck on them. They did the same expression I did. I just looked at my new friend. She gave me a look of sympathy. I looked at Lily. She saw me looking and pretended to whisper about something really important to midnight, someone she barely knows, we all know her cause of her brutal musty dares. Midnight looked confused, so I know she was talking nonsense. The second bell rang, and everyone started heading off to their lessons. I started to follow but Ruby held me back. "Remember, we're naughty girls!"

"Yes, of course! But what do we do now? And what will happen if someone sees us not going to class?" She grinned mischievously. I already knew she had plenty of ideas. She grabbed my arm and whispered, "they won't!" And she grabbed my arm and pulled me. She let go when I followed, running fast. We giggled helplessly as the final bell rang, and instead of us being at our seats with the mystery of why Lily was sharing her toffee with Amy, who loves to paint, than me, or the hardness of avoiding everyone's teasing remarks, or hopefulness of seeing Ruby again, we were together, behind the school. But then a look of doubt crossed Ruby's mind. "What about the registration?" She asked, doubtfully. I realised we *had* to go back or our parents will ground us for life. I

sighed. It was fun while it lasted. But Ruby was no girl of giving up. “I have an idea. It’s pretty daring, but we have to choose quick if we will do it. It’s now or never!” She said suddenly, looking at me. I thought about it. Maybe there is hope after all! “Okay! I am in!” She grinned and gestured me to run after her. We reached a food theory room. “Me first!” She hushed, then she did the incredible. She started to *climb* the wall. I gasped as she started going. But she knew what she was doing. She leaped from brick to brick miraculously, happily climbing. She came to a window, and actually went inside it! I couldn’t see or hear anything. I bit my lip in worry that it bled. But, after years and years, or so it seemed, Ruby came back into sight, grinning. Curious, I begged her to tell me what happened. She shrugged. “Simple! I went in, and the teacher called my name in the register. I said here. Of course, I wasn’t in my seat, but old Mrs Ainbow is practically blind! And no wonder, with her exotic hair! She can’t see anything from her vibrant blue bouncy hair! Anyway, I snuck to *your* class not so easy to deceive Mrs Pinckream, with her gold hair out of the way and her rainbow dress she keeps flashing and boasting about she wants everyone to see! So I came in, just when she said your name, and said, “sorry Mrs Pinckream, Rose is at the Realistic Flower school help-centre with a pass.

She is here though, so you can mark here in. She said she will be here no more then 10 mins. I was there myself so they sent me, okay that's all thanks!" And coolly went out, not waiting for an answer. So we're both in the clear!" She explained, grinning from ear to ear. I sighed a relief that she was okay and we are in the clear. Wait-did she say 10 minutes? "Um, what will happen when the 10 mins pass and the teacher notices we are both gone?" I asked, fearfully. She just smiled. "They'll go frantic. They'll be worried out of their minds. We will be in big trouble-if we get caught. Which we won't. I know! Let's go to the cafeteria. It's probably closed, and the women's will give us dirty looks, but we don't need to order. We'll have it on the house! Come on!" She laughed. My tummy grumbled. She took out chocolate from her pockets. I happily took it from her and chewed it happily. "Did I ever say that is for you? Honestly! It was actually for Carlotta! Really Rose! I should leave you know. Oh my god, your face! No, only kidding, it *was* for you!" Well, there is one thing for certain. Ruby was quite the prankster! Despite the chocolate ball, I was still immensely hungry, and so was Ruby. "To the cafeteria!" she said, marching. I giggled and marched too. We reached the cafeteria. A woman we recognise, who was sweet as the sugar she hands out, and a women who we

don't recognise but was sparkly and thin, we're having a chat their. They certainly won't be happy to be interrupted. Well, to be exact, they were *arguing*. "You don't know food safety if it come up with a name tag, introduces itself and licks all your food using a cat on a shelf!"

"Excuse me, am I the one who left the cheese in a cupboard instead of the fridge?"

"How much times, it wasn't me, it was Gigi, the sparkly one!"

"Oh, and did Gigi forget to put her hair up while demonstrating how to mix dough?"

"Don't act so high and mighty miss overflowing bin keeper! You know you was the person who had a watch, bracelets and rings while mixing dough. It certainly wasn't me who got a silly burn for forgetting to put gloves and reach out in the oven!"

"What I am trying to say is I am the food safety manager, and not some type of doesn't roll up sleeves while reaching out in the oven weirdo, who will teach the kids how to get into the habit of forgetting to put aprons on!"

"So you think it is better to leave the handle of a pan out while reaching out into the oven?"

We listened, not eavesdrop, into their heated argument. "Your like a cupboard door left open!" We rolled our eyes as these grownups are acting worse then kids. We snuck in easily, as the adults were occupied in their battle. We

looked in the room in awe. It was all purple and white stripes, which looked really pretty. "Wait!" Ruby said, pausing. "Do you know Nikki?" I shook my head truthfully. Who was this niki? "Niki happened to be naughty too, and sneaked in. But she was better than us, because it was break. Niki has a dark blue short Bob, with blue t-shirts and cyan skirts that are quite long. She snuck in, and when she went out, she had eaten too many bacteria she was in hospital. We don't want that to happen to us!" She pointed out. I shivered at the thought.

"Where does bacteria *come from*?" I asked, hoping she won't think I am nerdy or annoying or needy or stupid. Hey! I just met this girl; I don't know how I am behaving!

"Raw meat and raw poultry is one," she said, looking at the goop of mush that's supposed to be raw meat and next to it raw poultry. "The juice inside it is stacked full of bacteria," she gulped, and looked away. I thought about it.

"So are eggs and shellfish – these carry bacteria both inside and outside on their shells," I pointed out, as she nodded. She looked disgusted when I said shellfish, so maybe she doesn't like it. She pointed to a counter that had sunset colours and a sunset picture imprinted on it. She was pointing to the Soil on foods – fruits and vegetables may be contaminated by bacteria from the soil. I

looked at a work surface. It was supposed to be a pretty shade of red, yellow and green, with a hot pink star, but it was yucky and brown smudged. Ruby ready my mind. "Maybe it's Dirty tea towels and dish cloths since they can spread bacteria on to work surfaces and equipment, they are an ideal place for bacteria to multiply as they are warm and moist!" I nodded, yet the tea towels were so pretty, the same shades the counter was supposed to be. And the dish cloths had a yellow spark on them which made them look amazing. "Well, it could be Dirty equipment, as the bacteria from dirty equipment can contaminate clean food." She added, noticing the pretty tea towels and dish cloths. I nodded once again, yet the equipment were all an orange shade with. Design that looked like one you might draw on your hands for Henna. "Hmm, maybe not. Hey! Could be Using the same chopping board for all food groups. Bacteria from uncooked food may contaminate ready to eat (cooked) foods," she said, sighing at all the amazing equipment. I nodded until it felt numb, yet all the chopping boards where separated clearly, all with the same design as the equipment but with different colours. "Hey, bacteria also comes when people use Unclean hands, not using tongs or gloves - bacteria present from unclean hands can spread to equipment and food. Do you think any teachers would do

that? Well, the vibrant salmon coloured tap does look pretty exciting to use, and the simple sponge with the simple pattern and the green soapy thing that has galaxy colours and the word galaxy with loads of patterns making it stand out. The only person I think might do that is the lady with the vibrant pink hair. She is a bit suspicious,” Ruby made a theory. But she wasn’t finished as she touched the beautifully designed wall with the shiny circle and everything. “Or maybe some people have been doing Double dipping when taste testing food, passing bacteria from your mouth to the food the only person who would do that is the woman with the dark red hair I saw on Friday with navy eyes. I am sure she gave poor Niki food poisoning.” Maybe we were becoming detectives. My mind was blown away with the black picture with the hot pink lines. As she grasped the oven with the foamy pink design of foam looking substance she wondered aloud, “maybe, it’s Licking fingers or touching your mouth and then foods. It’s very common. I am sure I saw that artist guest do it. Maybe more people do it then I think!” I wanted to eat, but Ruby made me feel queasy. I tried outlining the beautiful banana coloured picture with my finger to take my mind of it, but Ruby unaware continued, “Picking up mugs/cups and cutlery without using the handles. That can be the case. Yet, I did that when I was

young. The only person who would do something that babyish would be that dinner lady with the rose patterned dress that properly drank 3 litres of coffee," then, her thought grew more gross and gross. "Pests include – flies, ants, moths, larvae, mice and rats. Do you think their responsible? Leaving food uncovered, allowing flies etc. to land on food, spreading bacteria from their bodies, their urine or droppings onto the food. Leaving the kitchen untidy/not cleaning regularly, crumbs will attract pests as they are a food source. Maybe that cleaner *does* spend most of their times on their rainbow phone texting the other cleaners how elegant our school is since she is in it and lie and say of the royal shiny pink towers and pinkish backgrounds and everything! Wow, maybe dear Florence, even with her crazy bouncy pink hair and her love for the outdoors, is right about it! Or maybe the cause is Leaving food packages unsealed or in places where pests can get to them, either to use as a food source or place to live – weevils in flour. Hmm, the pink sparkly shiny flour bag may be shut, but maybe it is full of black weevils, squirming about." Then she took a look at my green face, and hastily added, "I was joking!" Though I knew she wasn't. Then she grinned as my face slowly grew normal again. "Of course, I won't tell you that maybe it's

because Using bins without lids, as these will attract pests.Or Allowing bins to split and spill or overflow waste on the floor attracting pests or not cleaning bins regularly (weekly) and attracting pests and bacteria growth,”

“Ruby!”

“Joke, joke!” She laughed hardly. I frowned at first, then I burst out laughing. It *was* funny! Ruby removed the tears of laughter from her eyes as she smiled. “Bacteria are found everywhere, they are microscopic and hard to detect, but most are harmless. The type that cause illness (and sometimes death) are called pathogenic bacteria. Normally large colonies of these bacteria would be needed to cause food poisoning, but sometimes it just takes a few. Not to scare you or anything!” I laughed again. Then I thought of an idea. “Hey, you know, bacteria’s are just like mini humans. They need warmth, food, time, moisture and oxygens to multiply, or for us get babies! Plus, we are like the world, as they ruin the world, like us,” I pointed out, pleased with myself for saying this before Ruby does. She smiled. “Oh yeah!” She grinned. “Hey, look at that fresh piece of bread! Let’s eat!” And before we knew it we were gnawing on delicious, cooked bread. After we’d eaten our fair share of bread I said, “hey, let’s eat something else!” She chuckled. She looked around for more things to be stored safely in our bellies. “Let’s not eat

any high-risk food! These are Any dairy – milk, cheese etc Eggs, Meat and fish, Gravies, soups and stocks, Cooked pasta and rice, Ready made meals, prepared salads as we might get food poisoning!” We were soon back to worrying about Niki. We sat down, finding a tea cake and chewing while our brains were in a Hurl. “Hey, rubs, what are some examples of pathogenic bacteria?” She thought about it as the cream of the tea cake oozed into our mouths. She firmly stated “campylobacter, this is a pathogenic bacteria. It is found in raw poultry, meat, milk and sewage. The symptoms are harsh, you sure you want to hear them?” I nodded, though I was not sure at all, in fact, but curiously I had to nod. “Okay then. Symptoms are abdominal pain, bloody diarrhoea, nausea and fever. It take 48 to 60 hours till it comes. Hey, the tea cakes are finished, let’s eat something else!” So, seconds later we started digesting delicious doughnuts.

“What else?” I dared ask, between gulping down sprinkles. She thought for a moment, or she was chewing, I couldn’t really tell, then swallowed and said, “salmonella, is found in the intestines of the human and animal, raw poultry, meat and eggs. Oh, and milk. It gives abdominal pain, diarrhoea, nausea and vomiting. It takes 12 to 36 hours. Hey! Did you have to eat the last doughnut? Well, I am

eating the last of whatever else we are eating!" We peeled bananas and chewed them deliciously. How did the cafeteria people make it soo good? Or is it because I was with Ruby? Or was it because it was a moment when I was being naughty? Whatever the reason, the bananas were divine. "Another pathogenic bacteria," she started, throwing a banana's peel, "is staphylococcus A. It's found in human's skin, mouth, throat, nose, cuts, spots etc. It gives you abdominal pain, and abdominal cramps. And vomiting. Not to forget chills. You get it really quick, from 1 to 6 hours! And do you know what else is quick? How fast these bananas finish! Let's get something else!" So we started snacking on a delicious sponge cake we found. It was delicious! Divine! Extraordinary! "Yum! So the last one I know is e.coli 0157. You know, when you get it from human and animal sewage, water, raw meat, chew, muddy vegetables too. Gulp! You get abdominal pain, fever, diarrhoea, vomiting, kidney damage or failure. Ah! So creamy! Anyway, you get it from 12 to 24 hours. How is that massive cake finished already? You thinking what I am thinking?" And I was. But instead of a snack, we had a whole feast. We had cupcakes, milk, toast, eggs, this mini thing that was sweet but we didn't know what it was, ketchup, jelly, Bread, egg candy, beans, chicken nuggets, chocolate,

hot chocolate, chicken, cheese cake, chips, sponge cake, macaroons and chocolate pies. It was delicious! We ate so much and so heartily. Never had food ever tasted soo good! Before of course, we washed our hands in soupy water and filed our nails to be clean and short! We didn't dare cough or sneeze near the food, and we couldn't have a shower but we had a good wash! We tied out hair and removed jewellery and wore aprons and made sure we aren't sick. As if! We just had fun! Ruby once had a cut in her finger but found a blue plaster so it is okay. Then, we saw all the boards that were stored away. The red one for raw meat had Amy Williams on it, which we are guessing is the person who it belongs to, not the chopping boards name. The blue one for fish had I love this on it, which is kind of an awkward thing to write on a chopping board. The yellow one for cooked meat had today will pass and tomorrow will come on it. What if it's your birthday? Or your having a good day? Or your having a fun day like now? Will you want tomorrow to come and today to pass? The green one for salads and fruits had Kariman on it. I am guessing that is also the name it belongs to, not the chopping boards name. The brown one for vegetables had we are not red, we are not orange, we are green! Um, not actually, your not green, your *brown* if you haven't noticed. The white one dairy product

had never say never on it. The purple one for allergens had do you want to be alone? On it. Which was weird. Really weird. I accidentally knocked over a glass of water and we cleaned it up together with a towel that says do you wish schools were longer? And the answer is an obvious no! "I once had a friend who was allergic to Molluscs. She was very whiny. She whined everyday, that her parents needed to find a permanent babysitter who won't run away screaming of this clingy, whiny child. Maybe being allergic to it makes you crazy?" She confirmed as we sat down in comfy bean bag chairs that literally say and then she says she quits, what can I do? On them. I know. Super weird. "In my old school, there was someone allergic to eggs. She had a big brain. She was smart, yet she said she'd rather eat eggs then be boring," I said, comfortably lying down. "She smiled big too. And she was extremely tall. Yet she ate very little,"

"My friend was really rich. She was allergic to fish until she left. She wasn't snobby though. She had loads of good ideas, unlike me, which have bad ideas," I was shocked when she said that.

"Hey! We coming here is your idea! It was a great idea, wasn't it?" She smiled an at my loyalty, giving me a look saying it was really unnecessary. I gave her a look back saying I insist. "My enemy was allergic to celery. She

says that so many times! And boy does my enemy watch too many horror movies. Or at least she says. Maybe it could be a dancing celery, and she is frightened so harsh she thinks it's a blood curling horror movie," she said, staring up in the sky again.

"I have everyone as my bully. But in my old school, my bully was a nerd! She always liked to do computing. But boy what a bully she was! She was allergic to sulphites," Ruby nodded. She yawned. Not as in your-so-boring yawn, but as a real yawn. "Boy, all this food made me tired! I actually had a dream that I was suddenly allergic to lupin. Huh, but the next day, I wasn't. I'll probably dream of me allergic to soya and you allergic to milk. Maybe I even dream me as peanuts and you as gluten and everyone running away as they are allergic. Or maybe bacteria monsters that are allergic to crustacean. Or pests allergic to sesame. Or overflowing bins allergic to nuts. You know there actually is a mustard allergy." She yawned. I put an alarm for 15mins on my watch, and we slept for 15 mins. We actually didn't need the watch as 2 lady's arguing woke us up. They were 2 different lady's. We peeped through the whole in the door to see what was going on. A woman who was as plump as a sea shell and quite frankly looked like a sea shell. She was red with anger at another woman who was a french teacher. The

sea shell one started first, "Why do we cook food? Can you answer this question or are you just a french-speaking weirdo?"

"Duh! Anyone with a brain can. To kill bacteria/make it safe to eat! Did you know that you pretty flower with no brain?"

"Is that an insult or a complement? Better be a complement, as your wrong! It's to improve sensory qualities - smell, texture, colour, flavour! Learn something new robot?"

"That's another reason! Just like to make the food last for longer! You wannabe prankster!"

"Wrong again! It To make our diets more varied! I never knew an email close up can be so idiotic!"

"You better be talking about yourself you teacher that gets roasted everyday! Do you even know the Methods of Heat Transfer? You upside down wannabe french like me?"

"Ha! That's child's play! Conduction, Convection and Radiation! Do you you filtered flower?" And so one. We rolled our eyes and giggled quietly. Then, a glass fell, and smashed on the ground. Silence. We froze.

"Who's there?" Croaked the teachers. Silence again. We didn't dare to even breath. Just then, a woman in a purple tracksuit ran in, panicking. "2 girls are missing! Whatever shall we do? Where have they gone? Oh they're in huge trouble! Their parents called, and they are coming now, everything!" The 2 ladies

looked at each other and frowned, then looked at the door. "We have to go!" Frantically whisperingly yelled Ruby. We looked around frantically. The door was unlocking. Time was running out. "In Here, quickly!" Whispered Ruby pointing to a door. With so much attempt we managed to get through the emergency door. Hey, it was an emergency, right? Unluckily I coughed as the entered, and the started heading towards us. We looked at each other, got ready, and ran as fast as we can. They ran after us, so we didn't need to whisper. Instead, we yelled at each other, telling ourselves to turn left or right as if we were a GPS to each other. Well, clueless GPS anyway. We took a good look at the gate, and with a nod of the head, we ran towards it. We are actually escaping school. Something I only dreamed of doing! But I only dreamed of being naughty at school and missing class, so up I guess that's the next step, even if it is in the same day. Our hearts beat fast, our legs feel like cracking, but we can't give up, or it is the eternity of grounding for us. We finally lost track of them, and the place we were in and the time. But honestly, we were too tired to care, so we just layer down on the grassy area and closed our eyes, with the amazing sun giving us a tan, as we are sunbathing. The grass was warm and nice. Later, our tummy's growled. "Let's eat!" She said, grinning and

reaching for her pockets. "I borrowed a few cake pieces! Though I think if we return it, we'll be sent home, as if we are sick. Let's eat!" I loved her sense of humour and the way she grinned and was naughty. The blue cake was divine! Now we were tired, full and warm! You know what happened next. We slept, for a little while. I woke up, and realised it was dark, the warm sun had gone and a cold wind had come. I woke up Ruby, and she slapped her forehead guiltily. "How could I have forgotten? We are missing, the police must've been called, everything! My phone is out of battery, what can we do? I know! We go separate ways, trying to trace our steps," she sighed, getting up. I looked at her with wide eyes and opened jaws. Was she serious? "NOO! I mean, no, let's stick together," I stammered. It was bad enough being lost but being lost alone was 303858 times worse. She was surprised, then nodded. "Makes sense," we walked around the neighbourhood, but nothing was familiar. There was this weird house though. It was exactly like the illustration of a creepy haunted house in my favourite book, the plan of the banana. I shivered. A boy that looked 17 or 18, came up to us. "Don't you dare go in the house! Anyone who goes in, gets hanged on the washing line by the ghost of blood, drinking their blood first! No one dares to go in!" He warned with a scared tone. It was plain

that he was kidding. Ruby smiled. "Today will be a first then! I am going in!" Then she turned to me. "Are you coming Rose?" I shivered but nodded. I felt as if I can stand anything with Ruby. Even a vampire ghost who hangs us up. I went in, as bravely as I could. I heard lots of gasps and warnings and yelling. A whole *crowd* of people stared at us, as if it was our last times to be alive. Maybe it was. I felt good that people cared. "Hang on, is that Rose? The gloop rose?" Yelled this thin girl. Then all the gasping turned to laughter. Ruby turned around and gave me a look of sympathy. Then she grinned and asked for a phone. I was surprised. What was this sudden outburst? She put the phone on and turned on to camera, then started filming. "Hello YouTubers! I am Ruby! And this is my friend rose! Yes, *the* celebrity rose, the famous comedian! She was doing that act on purpose!" I gasped. I never thought of it that way! To be honest, I was a famous comedian. I made people laugh, didn't I? I put a funny face and Ruby grinned. "Today, we are going in a *scary* house, but we ain't a bit scared! Let's go!" She gave me a thumbs up, and we opened the door. The door shut behind us loudly, which made us jump. We gasped. There was a bookshelf and lights, a strange couch and a really weird table, another couch, a living room, a gym, a duck ornament, all

looking like it was in the future! We gasped. We heard whistling, and still filming, we froze. A famous dancer came into view. Ruby kept filming. She looked at us and screamed, and we screamed back. "Hang on 2 secs! Are you Three? The famous dancer Three? The dancer who apparently stoped her career as she is *dead?!'*" I couldn't help thinking this video will get a million views. Three grinned. "Yes, it's me Three. I had to fake my death. Not because I don't like dancing, but to get away from that weirdo-Three one. He is soo creepy, such a stalker! True, he's only 17, but he's crazy! He's mad! So, I heard he was terrible afraid of haunted houses, and made up a blood ghost story, which is fortunate! I couldn't bare however, to live in an ugly house. I never went outside without my disguise, so it doesn't matter how scary it is. It's lovely in here though, don't you think?" She gushed over her room, admitting her fake death and why, while Ruby was shamelessly filming her. I nudged Ruby, then she sheepishly asked, "uh, can I put you on YouTube?" Three looked at the camera and sighed. Then she smiled, which shocked us both. "Yes, my fake death is enough. Three one apparently has found another name to have. Heart dancer one. He'll ignore me! Poor heart though!" We grinned. Three was a good sport. Then she lit up. "Hey, I never get guests. Why don't we eat? In my

garden, we can have a picnic!" We squealed and jumped. Not only will we meet Three, find her fake death first, let her talk to us, let her confess to us, but now we will have an actual picnic with her? How my life turned around! Her garden was *amazing*. It had blue crystals and a white pavement thingy, with bows on her walls and a roof with 4 different paint colours that looked splatted up there. We squealed and jumped again. We sat Down on the grass, while Three laid out the food. She bring eggs, meat, fish, milk, soup, cheese (not for me), soup, pasta, sandwich's, sushi and rice, all luxurious forms of every food. We had a wonderful time with Three and Ruby filmed every second. We acted as friends, then we acted we were deadly enemies, wrote secret messages to each other, then we jumped on chairs, then we watched my silly video about the on stage, and while Ruby was filming, I realised it *was* funny, and actually laughed. We said our goodbyes to the camera after we played charades and while we were deciding who won. Then, we say on Three's bed that had her name on it, and she helped us edit the video and upload it to YouTube. We were exhausted, and Three let us sleep on her bed. In the morning, I curiously checked the video, only to see 59 million views! Overnight! And 67thousand likes! I grinned as I read the comments. Everyone now thought of me as a

celebrity! But then, I read this comment and felt sad. It was my mother. She wrote a frantic message saying how she missed me and where I was. I replied, telling her I'll be back *very* soon, and ending of with XXX I went to the garden. Ruby was already there, eating lasagna for breakfast. I sucked a lollipop as I sat next to her. She smiled at me. "See the views and likes and comments? Now everyone thinks of you and I as a celebrities! Yay!" She grinned biting into a chocolate bar. I smiled. "Yep," I mumbled, trying to not think of the message. We heard Three talking to someone, so we followed her voice. She was talking to a class of children outdoors that were begging for *our* autographs! We grinned as we gave them silly scribbles they thought was gold. We closed the door, then we did some math games. Someone else knocked on the door. We reluctantly opened it. It was gymnastics children, doing some things that required no bone for us! We laughed and smiled and grinned. Then we finished and started playing games on the computer. I got anew high score, and Ruby tried to beat it. When she was so close, a door knock that made her jump made her lose. She was angrily sad. She opened the door and was surprised was her face. A woman, with short hair up to her shoulders, blue eyes and long pink nails was standing there. She had a pink t-shirt with purple

shorts, blue high heels and pink socks. "Hello dearies! Is Rose and Ruby here?" She asked us with an extremely posh voice. We smiled and reached out our hands. "Yes, I am Rose, and this is my friend Ruby. Can we help you?" I asked, not trying to sound posh as I would've done until I knew I sounded like a fast moded video of a teacher blabbering on. She made it clear she was very excited, though she tried to stay cool. "Yes! I mean, yes, if you don't mind," she showed us behind her was a black limo! We gasped. On the side it had an engraving of R! A woman, who had a Bob hair, pink jojo bow, blue eyes and pink blazer with blue trainers opened the door, and out came my mum! I ran over to hug her and she hugged me back. Then, another woman came out. My mum Had a ginger ponytail, a bow, blue eyes, and really slim body. The new woman had a pink Bob, blue sunglasses, blue bow, and a dress. "Mum!" Yelled Ruby as she ran to her mother. I half expected her to look snobby and rude and be rude and snobby, but she was actually an ordinary typical kind mother. The mothers looked at us and asked, "how would you like a ride in your limo? Your famousness?" We squealed and jumped in joy. Ruby turned too me, her face red with excitement. "Let's call Three!" We rushed in, found Three reading a joke on her phone, while we told her the exciting news. She got

up happily and followed us. She thought we were making believing and was astonished once she saw the limbo. Right on time, a woman with 2 braids came to us. She had glasses, braces and loads of pimples, a bit fat and wore a massive red scarf. "Hello! Is Three here? Oh my god, she is! Hi Three, great to have you back! We know how much we love your home, but please let us change it to a mansion and not a creepy haunted house! Please?" She asked, not at all as posh as the other woman, but still posher than us. Three laughed and nodded. Then she turned to us and gave us a hug. "Glad I met you 2! Bye dears, oh, first exchange phone numbers!" We got handed new phones that are AMAZING from a man with navy long spiky hair with a purple uniform. The phones were to die for! We exchanged phone numbers, then we went to our limbo again. Our parents were speaking with a woman with a greenish face and a blue dress. Then they saw us and gestured us to get into the limbo first. We excitedly got to our new limbo. The driver had long ginger hair up to her waist, with a pink dress and blue high heels. After our parents got in, the woman started driving. We whooped with joy. We waved out of the windows. When we got near to our destination, wherever it might be, we stopped at a massive mansion. A woman welcomed us. She had short blue hair with soo

much makeup. She gushed how nice we looked, then we followed her to the mansion. Who's could it be? It was a massive one, amazing, incredibly big. "It's yours!" We gasped then squealed. Who knew one video can do all that?! When we went in it was magnificent. A woman with ginger hair up to her shoulders, purple sequins top and dark purple lipstick came to us smiling. "Ahh, the 2 Rs! Please allow my assistant number 1 and 2 to help you get ready for your party!" We looked at each other, pinched ourselves just in case, and tried to act like we are not trying to not faint. Assistant one, who took Ruby, was our familiar driver. The one who took me was an ugly pig with smelly breath. Joke! Of course not! She had a pony tail and wavy hair together, with brown eyes. Ruby's one was very silly. My own was funny. They did some magic on us or something, as when we were finished and went in the same room, we were in awe of each other. Ruby's hair was brown and went a little past her shoulders. Her eyes were now big and blue, with stripy dress with blue and white. I now had golden hair that was like a Bob, with golden eyes and a golden tiara ☐ like this emoji! I had dark purple lips with a golden dress. We adored ourselves! A woman with brown bangs, wavy hair, purple dress and purple boots came in with mum. Mum now had brown hair up to her waist, big eyes, really

cute eyes, and a unicorn headband. She looked adorable. A new woman came in. She had really really really short pinkish hair, with brown eyes and freckles. She brought Ruby's mum, her hair was now long brown and wavy, her top was red and her trousers beige. She had golden eyes like me. "Let's go to some party!" She called out, and we cheered. We were taken to an amazing hall. Some wild party was going on! Outside it though, we're familiar people who waited for us. My class. As soon as they saw me they sheepishly all smiled and when they saw my frown they knew they messed up big time. They started begging my forgiveness, a girl called Cindy started crying with her green eyes and her long hair with her oval skin and small mouth. Even Mimi, with her dignity as well as her short brown hair and her golden eyes, pink lipstick and smile, started *kissing my feet* while crying. That's when it went a piss too far. "Okay alright! I forgive you-only if you help me do something..." I whispered my plan in Ruby's ear, and she grinned excitedly. She looked at my class as if doubting their capabilities. Then she laughed. "Okay folks! We're going to be a bit busy having fun this party!" I turned to my new assistant, who had brown pigtails and amazing ebony skin. "Can you check for us if someone called Kyle Preene is here?" I asked most innocently. Do you want

to know what my plan is? Okay, we will ask Kyle to help us eat extra chocolate buttons when no one is looking! Only Kyle can hypnotise the snitch Peggy with her slick black ponytails, always tantrums like and big mouth. I told the plan to the class and everyone thought it was *wonderful*. Which made me super excited for it. Peggy herself came to us and said, "your assistant told me to tell you Kyle is near Terrible Tia." I nodded, and we all went to find terrible Tia and Kyle. Tia isn't terrible, she just can't get ready for a party. Her makeup was way too much and not at all accurate, her pony tail was extremely messy. But when we got to Tia, she had a pink slim wavy hair up to her neck and *perfect* makeup! I was surprised. But I was more hurt then surprised when I heard Tia boast, "do you like my hair? And makeup? Lily made it for me. She said I was the 5th person she asked, and everyone else said no. She actually considered doing ugly Mia! Look over there, that is here with her bun and her slick pink dress. Ha! Well, she said no one else was vital enough for her to help, so she helped me," I felt like crying. Lily, actually said that? That I was not worthy enough? What about me? Our years of doing each others hair? I saw Kyle and confirmed she was here, but then I saw lily. Ruby heard the hurtful remarks and pat me on the back sympathetically. Then she looked at lily, with

her hair down to her neck and red ruby dress. She started stomping to Lily. I followed anxiously but still hurt. Lily looked panicked and started talking to a random girl with a brown ponytail and tears trickling down and cautious of Lily and a pink dress. "Oi! Lily! Here please!" Ruby was determined. Lily reluctantly knew that her time was up. "Well, we need explanations, and we need it now. Hurry up, we got a party to be in charge of. Don't make us through you out, it's *our* party you know! Could've been yours if you were still kind to your friends. Hurry up and speak up!" Ruby's loud voice stopped the music, the party, and interested the TV crew. They started filming and got every single of Ruby's words. Chocolate would have to wait. Lily looked at me, with a look looking as if she was saying, "please tell this physico-weirdo to stop humiliating me on TV," but I had enough of Lily's secrets. "Yes Lily, what happened? I am listening. Or do you want to still have a sudden chat with Olivia or someone?" Olivia was startled, why was she in this, but then she saw the TV camera pointing at her and with her golden ponytail and sparkly rainbow dress, she twirled and tripped on her purple high heels, and the camera turned back to us, the biggest drama of the century. She looked uncomfortable, but there was no point. Everyone in the hall was frowning at her,

including the TV crew, wanting some juicy drama or gossip or *something*. "Fine. I'll admit it. I'll admit it all," the only people that cheered up where the TV crew, filming live this. She seemed to be doing some twitchy thing with her eyes. "I'll show you, follow me." She took me by the hand and dragged me into the stage. She looked at me into the eyes. "The truth is, and I am lucky TV us capturing this, Rose, dearest Rose..." she looked tender for a moment, and the TV crew filmed it. Then she stood back, and her tender face turned to a smirk. "Now!" She yelled, smirking to me. "Wha...?" I started to question, before I knew what was going on. The massive board turned on. It was for a movie or something, that board, and I was confused. All I knew it wasn't going to end well, considering Lily evil smirk. There was a video? Was it me with the gloop thing? Girl, if it was, I would laugh and surprise her. She would be utterly confused. But it wasn't. It was much, much worse. "Hello everyone!" Said Lily on the screen. "Would you like to see..." she paused for dramatic effect. Ruby went up to the stage and stood next to me. "Rose's most embarrassing moments?" I gasped at this. I couldn't believe my own friend would betray me like this. And on live TV? Ruby was fuming. Then, it started. First, it was me, in the shower, closed of course, but singing my heart out. And a really Corny song!

Then, after it was finished, it was me twerking and dancing in a really silly method. Lily was doing it to, but of course she left it out. Then it was me again, but when I saw a candy floss book, and secretly started chewing it to see if it tasted like candy floss. I blushed and looked down. There were strangers at the party too. Some very rich and powerful and came to my party. A hand went over my shoulder. I was shocked to see Ruby there, firmly super angry. Mum came up onto the stage. "I don't see what's funny," she said loyally. Ruby nodded. "Me neither!" She yelled. Ruby's mum came up, "this isn't comedy! It's mean!" All my class came up on stage, muttering angry remarks.

"So uncool!"

"This isn't good!"

"Why????"

"This is harsh!"

"How would you like it if we did it to you?"

"Your uninited to my birthday!"

"Don't speak to me again!" Then their *parents* came up on stage. The stage was very crowded. Before I knew what was even happening, the whole party were booing. The TV crew never look happier. They filmed this. All of it! I couldn't believe it. When did I have soo many supports? Ruby grinned at me and gave me a hug. I never had a friend like this. Not even lily *was* as kind and bold as this! Speaking about lily, Ruby turned sharply to

her. "Hey! Lily! I think you have more explaining to do!" She yelled at her icily. The crowd agreed. They started chanting and chanting, EXPLAIN LILY! Lily was shocked. Her plan to embarrass me backfired! The TV crew were in a dream come true. Lily, with pressure finally cracked, sighed. She knew her gig was up now. *Defiantly*. "Okay! Fine! I'll confess. Sorry. *sigh* so, it started before Gabby's party," I looked surprised. Gabby didn't have a party. I would have seen her excitedly bounce with her curly hair, yell with her loud mouth how excited she was and how she will where her favourite green top with pink fashion gloves. "You didn't notice, as you weren't invited. Gabby told me I was but you wasn't. Now, bring the loyal friend I am.." she looked around. Nearly everyone either was frowning, tutting, shaking their heads or raising her eyebrows. "Fine! Being the loyal friend I *was*, I said I wasn't going to go if you weren't going. I honestly said that I swear! By now, Gabby adored me. She did everything she can to please me. But as soon as I said that, she frowned, squeezed a few tears and ran out. I felt terrible! Especially after She started adoring Mia. She complemented her hair in a pony tail, she let her borrow some lenses to make her eyes blue, she stitched her a dress, she brought her some tights. And the expensive kind too. Well, it just, I don't know.

It made me feel green with envy. So I went up to her and said that I will come and changed my mind. I added a fringe, I put blue eyeshadow, I wore a violet dress. All this costed a lot. I was saving up to buy you the same as what I used, but when I brought it, I had to use your things and keep them. To look glam. Well, ever since, I felt guilty. So I avoided you. Especially since Gabby was extremely happy I came. I asked her why she didn't want you to come, and she showed me this video of you. I couldn't help laughing. It felt that you were humiliating! I didn't want to be by your side again. So I avoided you like the plague. You're an ugly girl, you know that? So when Kyle was crying as you wanted to be head girl, I told her the idea of the gloop. To get revenge. For embarrassing me for being my friend and keeping secret on how hideous you really are. Kyle never looked happier. So I helped her. She wanted to put glitter, but I swapped it around. You see, it was never Kyle's fault. It was mine. I know this is deeper then it should be, but I was the one calling Kyle, telling her how evil she must be. Her innocent eyes are really innocent, just like her. Yet you call her a witch. Too quick to judge maybe? Anyway, after the gloop, it was hilarious to see you *cry* like that. I felt amazing. So I had to do it again. At school, I planned on painting you red. With paint, in the

next class. But oh no, you weren't there! And the teacher accidentally turned red instead of you! So I got in trouble, while you were busy becoming more famous than the queen. That made me green. Don't you agree you'd do the same, doing an embarrassing video of you so everyone knows who you really are?" I couldn't believe it. It was as if it was a dream. Was this real Lily, the one I liked so much, the one we tried building tree houses together? I couldn't believe it. "Lily! I would never! You know what I would do? I would actually celebrate my very own best friend being famous. How could you say such a thing? Hang on a sec..." then it came to me. The truth was revealed. I walked right up to her. And smiled. "Oh Lily, I will forgive you. Just like how you forgave me when I pulled your hair violently," she frowned at me. She huffed, "I don't need your forgiveness!" I smiled wider. I couldn't believe it. The tension was big. The camera crew were in heaven. Only God knows how many views this must be getting, especially since I and we are now well known for Three. "Aren't you going to say anything? No? Ok, well, it doesn't really matter. I will only give you 3 secs to answer a teeny tiny question," I grinned looking at Ruby. She was very confused and surprised but gave me a thumbs up. I looked back at the *utterly* confused Lily. "Lily, dear, one thing. WHERE IS MY FRIEND?" I

asked, my smiley face snarling. She was taken back. She even almost fell. "You heard me. Where is my friend...KYLE?" There was a gasp from the crowd. No one said anything. Lily-oh I mean Kyle, was most taken back. "B-but how?" Asked Ruby, breaking the ice that stood for about 5 minutes straight while everyone soaked this in. The TV crew weren't soaking. They were swimming happily. I explained to everyone. "Well you see, my first evidence is that I never pulled her hair! Ever, what sort of friend would do that? Secondly, everyone knows how sly you really are. Why would lily talk about how innocent you were? And thirdly, lily will never say stuff like, your ugly, you know that right? Plus, fourthly lily was there in the videos. She can't have been filming. Fifth, Gabby's B-day is in 5 weeks time. Isn't that right Gabby? Forgetting she is there? Something Kyle would do, not lily. Lily wasn't even in the gloop situation! She can't have been watching too as she broke her phone and isn't allowed to look at a screen as she is *grounded* until today. So I hope, lily, if your Listening to this, you know I know you won't betray me like this. And I am really sorry Mrs Heather, for this confusion. I'll see where lily is, I promise," I called out, and never have I been more confident. I faced Kyle. "So you see Kyle, I know you are you. It isn't Lily's gig, it's yours, now, WHERE IS MY FRIEND! Or I am

calling the police,” Kyle snarled. Did she not know a TV is filming her or something? “You idiot Rose! My gig ain’t up. No one will believe you. Your stupid show won’t get a view!”

“Actually,” interrupted a Woman with golden hair up to her waist, slim body and a pretty pink dress, with green eyes and looking offended with Kyle, “that’s not true. There is more than a billion views! And more than 9 million likes! So beat that!” She stuck out her tongue while Kyle looked as if she was about to faint. “It keeps going to, a million a min!” She added, pleased. I looked at Kyle. Kyle finally faced defeat. She has to admit, she won’t have a house like me! A woman came up on top of the stage. It was a very angry Lily’s mother, with her curly hair into a bun, a red dress with a matching red face full of anger. She held a microphone and forced herself *not* to cut Kyle into a million pieces of hair strings. “Where’s my daughter you... you.... I can’t even think of something to describe you!” She said angrily. Kyle looked, for once in her life, frightened. “Okay, okay! I’ll take you to her, but please stop with the filming!”

“No can-do kiddo,” said a woman with golden hair up to her neck and a strange old-fashioned dress. “This thing is gonna make your friends, ahem, enemies, rich! And we get a fair share to, enough to make each of us

millionaires!” She grinned as everyone followed Kyle. There was a lot in the party. I think no one wanted to miss this drama. As we stampede across the street the crowd grows bigger and bigger. Kyle grew smaller and smaller. She knows she messed up big time. Compared to our mansion, Kyle’s house was an ordinary little thing she thought luxury. “Here she is, safely and soundly in our house,” I heard sobbing, and ran in. It was Lily! The real lily, watching her phone, about this catastrophe! “Lily!” I called, and the TV crew ran in just in time. We hugged and embraced ourselves. “Your friend is amazing! She saved the day!” Ruby in the background was red with pleasure. Lily went up and hugged Ruby. “A friend of my friend is always a friend of mine. Especially when they help my friend this way!” Now that sounds a lot like lily.

“Lily, how long were you here for?” She pondered for a moment. Then she clicked her fingers. “Before your accident in a week. I hope Kyle didn’t make you feel terribly uncomfortable and offended by ‘me’” she said as she answered all my worries. My friend wasn’t a backstabbing calculator with freckles, long brown hair and a beautiful dress. That was simply Kyle! I should have known! Lily wore a headband, was in a green dress and a ponytail. She saw me looking and laughed. “I know I couldn’t go to the party so I pretend to

celebrate with you! Your famous! I almost forgot! And Ruby! Wow! You must think of me as a normal peasant! Well, your honours? What is my first quest?" Ruby and I laughed. The TV crew smiled. "Actually, Lily, you're also famous! Especially after today! That show, the drama! Do you want your own mansion or live with Ruby and Rose, The Rs?" She pointed towards us. "I want to be with my friends please!" They were taken back, expecting more drama, but they saw the comments of, aww, best friends and BFFs, wish my BFFs were like yours, they smiled and nodded. I looked at Lily. "Aww Lily, you'll be a burden! Now we have to change our name to RLR! Or RRL? Or L and the 2 Rs!" I groaned, then grinned as I saw her face. She playfully punched me on the arm. "You meanie! I thought you actually meant it!" Ruby pondered, then clicked her fingers with a smile on her face. "How about the 3 flowers? Ruby is a flower or will be as soon as I make my own flower! And then, Lily is a flower and Rose is a flower?" We squealed at this idea. I smiled at my best friends, the TV crew and everyone. "I never thought I'd actually say this but, I am glad the gloop accident happened! Now my life will be great! For real! Now the only thing I haven't achieved in life is punch Kyle's face. And trust me, I will give her a lot of that!" Everyone cheered. Are you cheering now? No?

Oh, okay, sad. Bummer. Whatever you guys say. I just say Kyle, as that is the source of sadness. I am sitting on my bed now writing this, in my pink cosy bed, with my pen that has an angry face when I shake it too hard, and happy when it is left alone. It is fuming now. My notebook has some crumbs, apology! I am just eating RUBYS DELIGHTFUL CHOCOLATE BARS. Yep, Ruby has her own chocolate bar! I am writing in my note book that is stretchy. Hey, stop trying! Perhaps your reading my autobiography. Of course not! I won't say anything this personal. It's my diary, why are you even reading this? Oh, Kyle, my pages ran out. Don't worry, this will be a sequel! I just love writing in my diary. Let's hope my next diary has a happy ending, just like this one.